The SECRET of GOLD

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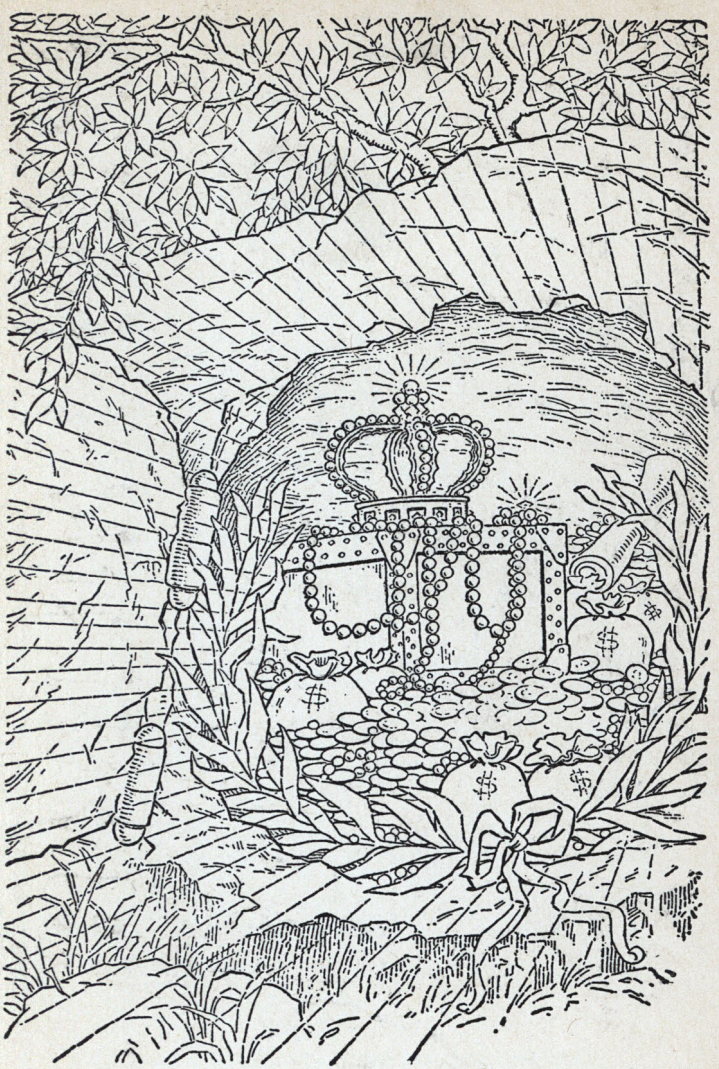
Vol. 1



To Rick
From Isa-Isa
Dec 25 1973

L. S Prather

The Secret of Gold

How to Get What You Want

In Two Volumes

VOLUME ONE

The
Secret of Gold

How to Get What You Want

ROBERT COLLIER

VOLUME ONE

ROBERT COLLIER, Incorporated
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New York

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How then shall man so order life that when his tale of years is told
Like Sated guest he wend his way; how shall his even tenour hold?
Be true to Nature and Thy self;
Fame or Disfame court not nor fear;
Enough to thee the small still voice that thunders in thine inner ear.
From self approval seek applause;
Before thine inner secrets kneel;
Spurn every idol others raise;
Burn incense to thine own Ideal;
To seek the True, to glad the heart, such is of life the Higher Law,
Whose difference is the Man's degree, the Man of gold, the Man of straw.

—From The Asidah of Haji Abdu-el-Yezdi.

FOREWORD

The Riddle of the Sphinx

"WHAT is it," asked the Sphinx, "that walks on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon and on three legs in the evening?"

And all who passed her way had to answer that question—*or be devoured!*

That was the Riddle of the Sphinx of olden days. But to modern man has come a far more difficult one—

"How can I earn more money? How can I make enough to get the necessities and the comforts of life to which my family and I are entitled?"

That is the eternal question which confronts you and will haunt you every day until you solve it. That is the present-

day Riddle of the Sphinx that devours all who fail to answer it.

For *lack* is the greatest evil that mankind has to contend with.

Yet every man knows that in this old earth of ours are riches and abundance sufficient not merely for every soul now on this planet—but for all who ever will be! And in the very first chapter of the Bible, it is written that "God gave man dominion over all the earth."

Not only that, but more than half the prophecies in the Scriptures refer to the time when man shall possess the earth. When tears and sorrow shall be unknown. When riches and abundance shall be yours for the taking.

That time is here—here and now for those who understand the power and the availability of that mysterious, half recognized Spirit within which so few peo-

ple know, but which, fully understood, *can do anything.*

But in no book ever written is there any complete explanation of this Spirit within, any complete directions for availing one's-self of its infinite power and understanding.

In no book, that is, but one!

And in the following pages I shall show you what that one Book is and where to find the directions which tell you how to harness this truly illimitable power, how to make it bring to you anything of good you may desire. For—

> "There hath not failed one word of all His good promises, which He promised by the hand of Moses, His servant."—I. KINGS, 8:56.

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"Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."—LUKE 24:25.

I

The Genii of the Lamp

"Thou gavest also Thy Good Spirit to instruct them, and withheldest not thy manna from their mouth, and gavest them water for their thirst.—NEHEMIAH 9:20.

IN AN ancient town in far off Cathay, there once lived a poor young man named Aladdin. His father had been a tailor, but died before he could teach his profession to his son, and the boy and his widowed mother were frequently hard put to get enough to eat.

But despite his poverty, Aladdin was one of those cheerful souls who find life good. Many and often were the times that found him wandering joyfully in the mountains, when he should have been

seeking the elusive yen in some odd job among his neighbors. And Fortune, looking down upon his cheery hopefulness, smiled—as has been the habit of Fortune since time began—for then, as now, she was a fickle jade, loving most those who worry least about her.

One day, wandering among the hills, Aladdin discovered a cave, its entrance closed by a great stone. Prying the stone away, he entered, and found therein a lamp burning upon a shelf. Thinking to use it at home, Aladdin stuck the lamp in his belt and, departing, took it with him.

Next morning, lacking the wherewithal for breakfast, he bethought him of this lamp, and since it looked old and tarnished, started to polish it in the hope of thus bringing for it a better price. What was his astonishment and terror to

see immediately appear before him a Genii of gigantic proportions, who, however, made humble obeisance: "I am the slave of the lamp," quoth he, "ready to do the bidding of him who holds the lamp. What would you of me?"

Terrified though he was, Aladdin could understand that. So he took heart of grace, and decided to see if this great Genii really was as good as his word. "I am hungry," he therefore told him. "Bring me something to eat." The Genii disappeared. An instant later he was back again with a sumptuous repast!

Aladdin ate and was satisfied. And when next he hungered, summoned the Genii and ate again. Thereafter, to one so used to hunger, life was one grand song—just one endless succession of eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating again.

Until one day the Sultan's daughter passed that way. Her eyes had the mischievous sparkle in their depths that has drawn hermits from their cells. Her lips were twin rubies. Her teeth pearls.

So much Aladdin saw—and was enchanted. Life took on a new meaning. There was more to it than eating and sleeping after all. Here was something to live for, work for, hope for. Even though at the moment it never occurred to him that he might ever hope to win such loveliness, such divinity, for himself.

But then he bethought him of his Genii. If the Genii could bring him food, raiment, riches—why not position and power, too? Why not the Sultan's daughter? Why not, in fact, the Sultan's place? He decided to try.

First he astonished the Sultan with the

magnificence of the gifts with which his good Genii furnished him. Then he built a palace more beautiful far than that of the Sultan himself. Finally he presented himself as suitor for the hand of the beautiful princess.

The Sultan laughed at the idea. But one cannot continue to laugh at a man whose raiment is more costly, whose retinue more splendid, whose palace more magnificent than one's own. One can only vie with him in splendour, and failing that—either fight him or take him into one's own camp.

The Sultan tried to vie with him. But princely riches could not compare with those of the Genii. He tried fighting. But who could hope to cope with the powers of the invisible world?

At last he decided to share that wealth, to benefit by that power. And so it came

about that Aladdin won the lovely Princess of his dreams.

Fairy tales—you will say. And of course, they are. But back of them is more than mere childish fable. There is the Wisdom and the Mysticism of the East—so frequently hidden in parable or fable.

For those Wise Men of the East had grasped, thousands of years ago, the fundamental fact—so hard for our Western minds to realize—that deep down within ourselves, far under our outer layers of consciousness, is a Power that far transcends the power of any conscious mind.

"The Holy Spirit within us," deeply religious people term it. And, truly, its power is little short of Divine.

"Our Subconscious Mind," so the Scientists call it.

Call it what you will, it is there—all

unknown to most of us—a sleeping Giant who, aroused, can carry us on to fame and fortune over-night. A Genii-of-the-Brain more powerful, more the servant of our every right wish, than was ever Aladdin's fabled Genii-of-the-Lamp of old.

Health and happiness, power and riches, lie ready to its hand. You have but to wake it, to command it, to get of it what you will. It is part of you—yet its power is limitless. It is Mind—Thought—Idea. It is an all-powerful mental magnet that can draw to you anything you may desire.

Just as electricity turns the inert electric bulb into a thing of light and life —just as the gasoline vapor turns your motor into a creature of speed and action —just as steam awakens the locomotive into an engine of power and usefulness

—so this mental magnet can vitalize YOU into a Being capable of accomplishing ANY TASK YOU MAY SET, capable of rising to any height, capable of winning love, honor and riches.

You have seen hypnotists put subjects to sleep. You have seen men and women, while in this hypnotic trance, do marvelous feats of mind reading or of mental arithmetic. You have seen others show w o n d e r f u l endurance or physical strength.

I remember one hypnotist who, after putting his subject in a trance, would assure him that he (the subject) was a bar of iron. Then the hypnotist would stretch him out between two chairs—his head on one, his feet on another—and pile weights upon him, or have several people stand upon him. A feat of strength that the subject could never have

accomplished in his ordinary mind. Yet did it without strain or difficulty under the influence of the hypnotist.

How did he do it? Simply by removing the control of the conscious mind—by putting it to sleep—and leaving the Subconscious in sole charge. The power is in your body to do anything—only your conscious mind doesn't believe that it is. Remove these conscious inhibitions—place the Subconscious in entire charge—and there is nothing beyond your capacity to perform.

The hypnotist does his tricks by putting your conscious mind to sleep and then suggesting to your Subconscious the things he wants it to do. But it is in no wise necessary to deal with the Subconscious through some third party. It is no part of the Divine plan that you must first put yourself under some outside con-

trol. On the contrary, those who learn to use their own Subconscious Minds can accomplish far greater wonders with their bodies, with their brains, with their fortunes than could any hypnotist for them.

It is to show you how to properly use this Genii-of-your-Mind, how to summon it, how to control it, that this Course is written.

> "But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding?"—JOB 28:12.
>
> There is a Spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—JOB 32:8.

II

The Spirit Within

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"
—I CORINTHIANS 3:16.

YOU often hear a man spoken of as brainy. The idea being that he has more gray matter in his cranium than most of us. And for years the size of a man's head or the shape of his "bumps" was believed to indicate his mentality.

But science now shows that one man has just as good brains as another. Differences in weight or shape or size have nothing to do with it. Each of us has a perfect brain to start with. It is what we put *into* it and the way we *use* it that counts—not the size or weight!

Brains are merely the storehouse of the mind. They are not the mind itself. Each individual brain cell—and there are some nine billions of them—is like a phonograph record on which impressions are registered through the thousands of nerves from all over the body that center in the brain.

Once registered, that impression stays as long as the brain cell remains. When we have no occasion to use an impression for a long time, it is filed away in the nine-billion filing compartment—and apparently forgotten.

But it is never really forgotten. It can always be recalled by the proper suggestion to the subconscious mind. The only thing that can permanently destroy the impression is the removal of the brain cell itself. That is why injuries to the brain so frequently result in complete loss

of memory as to many events in the individual's life.

But the registering of impressions is merely the first step. The animals have that. The next—and the step that puts man so far above all other creatures—is the reasoning mind. Mind uses the brain cells to recall any impression it may need. To compare them. To draw conclusions from them. In short, *to reason!*

That is the most important province of mind. But it has another—the regulating, governing and directing of the growth and functions of the body. So complicated an affair that no conscious mind in the universe could ever grope with it.

Yet the subconscious mind does it with ease—does it for the youngest infant as well as for you or me—in fact, frequently does it better.

From the earliest moment of our birth, the subconscious mind takes control. It directs the beating of the heart, the breathing of the lungs, the complicated processes of digestion and assimilation. And the less it is interfered with, the better work it does.

Your body is the most wonderful and complicated chemical factory in the world. Made up of water, coal, iron, lime, sugar, phosphorus, salt, hydrogen and iodine, no man living could figure out the changes made necessary in its composition from minute to minute by heat, by cold, by pressure from without or by food taken within. No chemist in all the world could tell you how much water you should drink to neutralize the excess salt in salt fish. How much you lose through perspiration. How much water, how much salt, how much of each

different element in your food should be absorbed into your blood each day to maintain perfect health.

Yet your subconscious mind knows. Knows without effort. Knows even when you are an infant. And furthermore, acts immediately upon that knowledge.

To quote the Rev. Wm. T. Walsh—

"The subconscious mind directs all the vital processes of our body. You do not think consciously about b r e a t h i n g. Every time you take a breath you do not have to reason, decide, command. The SUBCONSCIOUS MIND sees to that. You have not been at all conscious that you have been breathing while you have been reading this page. So it is with the mind and the circulation of blood. The heart is a muscle like the muscle of your arm. It has no power to move it-

self or to direct its action. Only mind, only something that can think, can direct our muscles, including the heart. You are not conscious that you are commanding your heart to beat. The subconscious mind attends to that. And so it is with the assimilation of food, the building and repairing of the body. In fact, all the vital processes are looked after by the subconscious mind."

Whence comes all this wonderful knowledge? Whence comes the intelligence that enables day-old infants to figure out problems in chemistry that would confound the most learned professors? Whence but from the same Mind that regulates the planets in their courses, that puts into the acorn the image of the mighty oak it is to be, and then shows it how to draw from the sunlight, from the air, from the earth, from the water, the

nutriment necessary to build that image into reality.

That Mind is God. And the subconscious in us is our part of Divinity. It is the Holy Spirit that Jesus so often referred to.

"But when they shall lead you and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." —Mark 13.

Christianity teaches one Universal God, Father of all things, *the life of all things animate.*

"For there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." —I John 5:7.

And modern science shows us that *all things are animate*—even the rocks and the dirt beneath our feet. Even the supposedly dead piece of paper on which these words are printed. All are made up of tiny particles called atoms. And the atoms in turn consist of protons and electrons—bits of electrical energy, so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye, but very much alive and constantly moving, constantly changing.

In *The Secret of the Ages,* the consistency of matter is explained in detail. For those who have not read this explanation, suffice it here to quote from the New York Herald-Tribune:

"We used to believe that the universe was composed of an unknown number of different kinds of matter, one kind for each chemical element. The discovery of a new element had all the interest of

the unexpected. It might turn out to be anything, to have any imaginable set of properties.

"That romantic prospect no longer exists. We know now that instead of many ultimate kinds of matter there are only two kinds. Both of these are really kinds of electricity. One is negative electricity, being, in fact, the tiny particle called the electron, familiar to radio fans as one of the particles vast swarms of which operate radio vacuum tubes. The other kind of electricity is positive electricity. Its ultimate particles are called protons. From these protons and electrons all of the chemical elements are built up. Iron and lead and oxygen and gold and all the others differ from one another merely in the number and arrangement of the electrons and protons which they contain. That is the modern idea of the nature of

matter. *Matter is really nothing but electricity.*"

Everything has life in it. And life is God. Therefore, everything in this world, everything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, is a manifestation of God.

God is life. He is the life in us. And the life in all created things. He is the "Father" that was in Jesus—the Father that, "before Abraham was, I am"—the Father that did such wonderful works. "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me."—John 14:10-11.

That same Father is in you. He is the life-force, the God-force, that flows

through every atom of your being. Make yourself one with Him, and there is nothing you cannot do. "I and the Father are one," said Jesus. And His prayer was—"That they may all be one; as Thou, Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

A great religious teacher once said that there are just two things in the Universe —God and His manifestations. Really there is just one—for God is *in* all His manifestations. "If a man love me . . . my Father will love him and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."—John 14:23.

The Message of Jesus

What was the real message of Jesus? What was the one unforgivable thing that He taught which brought down all the wrath of the Jews upon His head?

—What one thing did He add to the teachings of Moses, of Amos and of Hosea that changed the whole current of history?

—What has since become the basis of all Democracy?

NOT the doctrine of the One God. NOT the new idea of loving one's neighbor and forgiving one's enemies. No—that wasn't why the Pharisees and Rulers hated him and resolved to have his blood. BUT BECAUSE HE WENT UP AND DOWN THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE LAND TEACHING THAT ALL MEN ARE EQUALLY THE CHILDREN OF GOD!

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

Can you imagine what this meant to mankind in that day of slavery and oppression? Just think—if God is the Father of ALL men, then ALL are His children, equally entitled to the good things of life, equally dear to Him!

"No wonder," says Bruce Barton in *The Man Nobody Knows,* "the authorities trembled. They were not fools. They recognized the logical implication of such teaching. Either Jesus' life or their power must go. No wonder that succeeding generations of authorities have embroidered His idea and corrupted it. It was too dangerous a Power to be allowed to wander the world, unleashed and uncontrolled."

That is why the idea most of us have of Jesus is so far from the reality that lived and taught and worked wonders throughout Palestine 1900 years ago.

"This was the message of Jesus," Barton explains, "that God is supremely better than anybody had ever dared to believe. Not a petulant Creator, who had lost control of His creation and, in wrath, was determined to destroy it all. Not a stern Judge dispensing impersonal justice. Not a vain King who must be flattered and bribed into concessions of mercy. Not a rigid Accountant, checking up the sins against the penances and striking a cold hard balance. Not any of these . . . nothing like these . . . but a great Companion, a wonderful Friend, a kindly, indulgent, joy-loving Father.

"Hold your heads high," He had exclaimed, "you are lords of the universe . . . only a little lower than the angels . . . children of God."

It is the same note that rings through the Psalms of old:

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." And Jesus echoed the refrain when he quoted from the Old Testament—"Ye are gods!"

"And it shall come to pass," cried Hosea (1:10), "that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God."

Jesus did not come to call attention to Himself, to get people to believe in Him as a god or demi-god; He did not come solely to reveal God to man; *he came to reveal man to himself."*

"Beloved, now are ye the Sons of God," says John.

Not only did Jesus proclaim this in His words, but His whole life was given to teaching and showing the Divine Son-

ship of *man*. Thirty-seven times in the Gospel records He refers to Himself as the Son of Man! He never called Himself God. But He claimed *union* with God! And He claimed and demonstrated possession of the Father's power and all that the Father had. "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth," He said.—Matthew 28:18.

But He disclaimed this as a mere personal power. "It is not Me, but the Father in Me; He doeth the works."

Furthermore, He again and again assured His followers that this same power was in them. "If ye believe in Me and My word abideth in you, the works that I do shall ye do also. And greater works than these shall ye do."

Again, speaking not of Himself but of all mankind, He said:

"Verily, verily I say unto you, the son

can do nothing of himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the son likewise. For the Father loveth the son and showeth him all things that Himself doeth. . . . For as the Father raiseth the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the son, that all men should honor the son even as they honor the Father."—John 5:19-23.

What, then, was the message of Jesus?

The greatest message ever brought to any planet! That *man is the son of God.* That he inherits from the Father all of life, all of wisdom, all of riches, all of power.

God is the Parent. And man's every quality is derived from Him. Not only that, *but man inherits every quality of*

the Father! He has only to grow up in knowledge, to learn the Father's ways, to lean trustfully upon the Father's help, in order to be supreme "amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Apart from God, man is a weakling, the sport of circumstances, the victim of any force strong enough to overpower or brush him aside.

But let him ally himself with the Father, and he becomes, instead of the creature of law, the ruler through law. Instead of the sport of circumstance, he makes circumstances. Instead of the victim of fire or water or sickness or poverty, he masters the forces of nature, demands health and prosperity as his birthright.

The God that most of us were taught to believe in was a huge patriarchal Man-

God, seated upon a throne high up in the skies. A King—stern, righteous and just—chastening His children mercilessly whenever He felt it was for their good. Holding an exact scale between the good they had done and the sins they had committed. And dispensing penances or rewards to balance the two.

The King idea has gone out of fashion here on earth this many a year. And the idea of a God-King is fast disappearing from our conception of the Infinite. After 1900 years, we are at last coming around to Jesus' idea of a loving Father-God. A God that is in each one of us, whose "good pleasure it is to give us the Kingdom."

"For the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me."—John 5:36.

In the light of such an understanding of God, we can readily grasp how it was possible for Jesus to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to bring forth gold from the fish's mouth, to still the tempest—and, what is even more, to promise these same powers to us!

Man is the Son of God.

We start with that. How, then, shall we take advantage of our son-ship? How use the infinite power it puts in our hands?

The purpose of this book is to develop the divinity that is in you. What is the first thing to do? Where shall you start? What shall you do?

Reaching Into Infinity

The first essential is to find a point of contact with the Father.

Benjamin Franklin sent a kite up into

the clouds and brought down along its string a current of electricity. Through him, man has learned to harness this electricity for his daily servant. Franklin made his contact with the source of power.

Thousands of years before Franklin—centuries even before the birth of Christ—men began to send up kites (figuratively speaking) trying to contact with the source of life itself.

A few succeeded. A few great Prophets like Elisha, Elijah, Moses, contacted with the Source of all Power, and whenever and as long as they kept that contact, nothing could withstand them.

"For the prophesy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—II Peter 1:21.

Franklin caught the source of electrical

power, and by learning to understand and work with it, turned those terror-inspiring thunderbolts of destruction into man's greatest friend and servant. The electricity did not change. It is exactly the same now as afore time. It is merely man's conception of it that has changed.

Uncontrolled, lightning was a curse to mankind. Through understanding, man has harnessed it to serve his needs. Touch a button—and it lights your home. Touch another—and it brings to you news and instruction, entertainment and music from hundreds or thousands of miles away. The mere throwing of a switch releases the power of millions of horses. Pulling it out bridles them again. Was ever such a master servant?

Yet it is as nothing to the power latent in the Source of Life—the power of the Father of all things.

Even now, ignorant of this Power as most of us are, we occasionally contact with it, but we do it accidentally—*and we fail to maintain the contact.*

Remember "The Lost Chord," by Adelaide Procter?

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen!

You know how often things have come to you like that—snatches of song, or speech, or verse such as man never wrote before. Visions of wonderful achievement. Echoes of great ideas. Glimpses of riches you could almost reach—the riches of the Spirit within.

If only you could tap that boundless Reservoir at will, what success would not be yours, how puny your present accomplishments would seem by comparison!

And you *can* tap it. You can make your contact with Infinity—if not at will—at least with frequency. All that is necessary is understanding and belief.

How to do it? How to go about it? Through the Holy Spirit within you. Through your part of Divinity. Through an understanding of what is commonly known as your Subconscious Mind.

Why did the Apostles, after cowering in hiding so abjectly for ten days after the ascension of Jesus, suddenly issue forth boldly and astonish the world with their preaching and their miracles?

"It is expedient for you that I go away," Jesus had told them (John 16:7), "for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come," He promised, "He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak."—John 16:13.

And He commanded the Apostles that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but await the consummation of His promise.

"And behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."—Luke 24:49.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other

tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

"And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.

"Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language.

"And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galilaeans?

"And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?

"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia,

"Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene,

and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,

"Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

"And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

"But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel;

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh."—Acts 2:1, 12, 16, 17.

Just as the one great fact of the Gospels is the presence of the Son exalting and revealing the Father, so the one great fact of the Acts of the Apostles is the presence of the Holy Spirit inspiring all their acts.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send you in

my name," Jesus had promised them, "he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—John 14:26.

How else do you suppose they could have remembered all that Jesus had taught, all that he had said to them? They took no notes. For the most part, they could not even read or write!

And why has the power of healing so largely disappeared since about the 3rd century of the Christian era? Why did the Apostles at Jerusalem send Peter and John to "lay hands" upon the Christian converts in Samaria?

"Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John:

"Who, when they were come down,

prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost:

"(For as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.)

"*Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.*"—Acts 8.

Why did Paul ask other Christian congregations, which had as yet worked no signs or wonders, whether they had received the Holy Ghost?

"He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

"And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied."—Acts 19:2, 6.

It is as Jesus said—"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."—John 15:26.

We are most of us like the dwellers in Samaria—"we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Spirit," much less tried to cultivate an understanding of Him.

We stumble upon His vast power occasionally—and call our resultant deeds superhuman! We contact now and then with Infinity—and regard the result as a miracle!

There is no such thing as a miracle. The occasional wonder-works that we do —the sudden healing from sickness, the miraculous escape, the answered prayer —are all divinely natural. The miracle is that it happens so seldom. We should

be able to establish and keep that contact always! We should be able to contact with and use the power of the Spirit as readily as we now can use the power of electricity.

"And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—Joel 2:28.

But just as Franklin had first to determine what the power was that made the lightning, so have you first to learn what is this Holy Spirit within you.

To say that it is the subconscious mind is not enough. It is far more than that. The subconscious mind can be used either for good or for evil. Uncontrolled, it is as great a destructive force as the lightning. If you have read the

Secret of the Ages, you know that you can suggest thoughts of health or of disease to your subconscious mind, of success or of failure—and whichever image you get across to the subconscious, it will proceed to work out. But the Holy Spirit can be used only for good.

The S a m a r i t a n s had subconscious minds, yet they worked no wonders. It was only when Paul conferred the Holy Spirit upon them that signs and wonders followed.

What then is the Holy Spirit?

How do you acquire it? How contact with it?

Have you ever read any of the accounts you occasionally see of people who have been very sick—who have hovered for minutes or for hours right over the Valley of Death—and then come back? Remember their description of how they

seemed to be looking down upon themselves, upon the whole scene, as one apart, as one having but a casual interest in what was going on? Remember how some little thing called them back and how frequently they went back with reluctance?

Stewart Edward White had a story in the May *American Magazine* that exactly illustrated the idea. It told of a man who, according to all scientific tests, had died—lay dead, in fact, for two hours. And here, in part, was his description of the experience:

"I was pretty ill before I died, and things about me got somewhat vague and unreal. I suppose I was half dozing, and partly delirious perhaps. I'd slip in and out of focus, as it were. Sometimes I'd see myself and the bed and the room and the people clearly enough; then again I'd

sort of drop into an inner reverie inside myself. Not asleep exactly, nor yet awake. You'll get much the same thing sitting in front of a warm fire after a hearty dinner.

"Now, here's a funny one. I don't know if you'll get this: You know these pictures sent by radio? They are all made up of a lot of separate dots, you know. If you enlarged the thing enough, you'd almost lose the picture, wouldn't you? And you'd have a collection of dots with a lot of space between them. Well, that's how I seemed to myself.

"I could contract myself, bring all the dots close together, and there I'd be, solid as a brick church, lying in bed; and I could expand myself until the dots got separated so far that there were mostly spaces between them. And when I did that my body in the bed got very vague

to me, because the dots were so far apart they didn't make a picture; and I—the consciousness of me—was somehow the thing in the spaces that held the dots together at all. I found it quite amusing contracting and expanding like that.

"Then I began to think about it. I began to wonder whether I held the dots together, or whether the dots held me together; and I got so interested that I thought I'd try to find out. You see, I wasn't the dots: I—the essence of me, the consciousness of me—was the spaces between the dots, holding them together. I thought to myself, 'I wonder if I can get away from these dots?' So I tried it; and I could. I must say I was a little scared. That body made of dots was a good, solid container. When I left its shelter, it occurred to me that I might evaporate into universal substance, like

letting a gas out of a bottle. I didn't; but I certainly was worried for fear I'd burst out somewhere. I felt awfully thin-skinned!"

Remember how you have sometimes had similar experiences in dreams, when you seemed to be a disembodied spirit looking down on yourself from above?

That disembodied self is the soul of you—your subconscious mind. But it is something more, too. Baptize it in the waters of understanding of your oneness with the Father, confirm it with a realization of the God-life flowing so abundantly through you—and it becomes, in addition, *the Holy Spirit within you*—one with the Father, one with the Source of Life, of Power, of Abundance. In short, the Holy Spirit within you is your subconscious mind, vitalized through direct contact with the Father.

You have been told time and again how small a part of your real abilities you use when you confine your mental work to your conscious mind. Prof. Wm. James, the world-famous Psychologist, estimated that the average man used only 10 per cent. of his real abilities. While Dr. Mayo compares the mind to an iceberg—one-fourth above water (the conscious mind), and three-fourths submerged (the subconscious). Think, then, if the use of your subconscious mind adds so much to your abilities, how much your value will be increased if you add to that the infinite power of the Holy Spirit!

"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."—I Corinthians 2:12.

As the ordinary man uses it, the subconscious mind is largely a bundle of habits. You practice on the piano merely to set up a certain train of actions and reactions so that, after a time, your subconscious can take over the work from your conscious mind. The skilled pianist can play from memory the most difficult pieces and at the same time carry on a spirited conversation. Why? Because two entirely different provinces of the mind are carrying on their functions—the one through the fingers, the other through speech and hearing.

The same thing applies to every physical avocation. To become really skilful at anything, you must get it into the charge of your subconscious mind. As long as your conscious mind must take active control, you are tense, doubtful, hesitant—you blunder, become excited,

fail. Let the action become automatic, however—in other words, let your subconscious have charge of it—and you relax naturally and do whatever is required of you without effort and will.

A man's responsiveness to subconscious reactions is usually the measure of his luck or ill luck in avoiding accidents. In the New York Herald-Tribune there was an editorial recently along this very line entitled—"Whom Ill Luck Pursues":

"The Industrial Fatigue Research Board has made an interesting report on the reasons for industrial accidents. It is already well known to thoughtful managers of factories that some men are persistently unlucky. If any one is to suffer a broken leg, it will be one of these individuals. When minor accidents are being dealt out by Fate these unfortunates

never fail to receive more than their reasonable shares. No definite fault can be found with them. They are not noticeably careless or foolhardy. The poor things seem simply to possess an incurable propensity for being at hand when anything happens. Like the conventional innocent bystander, they are, almost by definition, the persons who get hurt.

"Armed with the modern magician's wand of careful record and exact statistical inquiry, two investigators for the research board have traced these instances of persistent ill luck to their cause. No demon of bad luck is concerned, although the uninstructed may well think so when they read that the cause's name is aesthetakinetic co-ordination. Translated into English, this means a lack of that instinct and exact correspondence between warning and action which some people pos-

sess and some do not. If a board in the floor is loose and happens to fly up when stepped on, some people will jump instantly and in the right direction. Others will move the wrong way or not at all. If a chair breaks some sitters will land on their feet, others on the floor. Under the conditions of modern civilization it is usually the latter who are being taken to the hospital."

The functions of your body—your heart, lungs, stomach, liver, the continual breaking down and rebuilding of all the cells—these, too, are the province of your subconscious mind. And as long as they are left to it in the full assurance that it knows its work and is tending faithfully to it, all will be well with them.

But let the conscious mind interfere,

and as in playing the piano or doing any other difficult stunt, trouble will ensue.

Have you ever seen a football team whose classmates did nothing but "knock" it, tell it how rotten it was individually and collectively, how little chance it had of ever winning a game? You know how little chance that team would have of getting even a single goal.

But take that same team, put a real class spirit behind it, surround it with boosters and urge it on with a stirring college yell—and then watch it go!

So it is with your subconscious mind and your body. It knows perfectly how to rebuild your body—how to keep it well. But if you tell it, in effect, that you have no confidence in its ability to do this—if you are continually trying to take over the control through your doubts and fears and worries—you will soon have a

mutinous or discouraged crew on your hands, that no longer believes in you or itself. And the result will be nervousness, apathy, failure.

As the Rev. W. John Murray put it—

"Whatever order we issue to the subconscious mind, it promptly undertakes to carry out. Whatever state of existence you declare to be in being, the subconscious mind assumes exists and works within you accordingly. If a friend asks you: How do you feel today? and you reply: I am not well; I have a headache; I am all in; I don't feel up to the mark at all, you are unconsciously setting the subconscious mind to work to realize the state you declare yourself to be in. On the other hand if you say: I am well, happy and strong, the subconsciosu mind undertakes to realize this state for you.

"Hence you can see what a wonderful

power is within your control for your happiness or unhappiness, your condition of body and mind, and how necessary it is for you to use this power always in a positive direction. *You are, in a word, what you think you are.* This is not a theory, a fancy or a fad. It is a law. And the reason why the world is filled with sin, disease, misery and misfortune is because it requires effort to think positive thoughts while negative thinking is the result of inertia."

But it is not only in running the body-machine that the subconscious shows the power of the Spirit that is behind it. It has all knowledge of outside things as well. Contact with it, and you can learn what you will.

Some time ago there was an article in the "American" telling of the experiences

of a convict, formerly the editor of a large newspaper.

Morphine had brought this man to prison. He had started taking it when, as a newspaper man, his body would be so worn out that he could no longer write. By "doping" the conscious mind into unconsciousness, he would bring the subconscious to the fore, with the result that the most wonderful articles flowed from his pen. In one case, without a clue to guide him, he traced a gang of criminals who were in hiding!

But his was not merely an impossible way to contact with the Holy Spirit—it was the wrong way to contact with the subconscious as well—and he paid a fearful price for it.

Take Theodore Roosevelt, on the other hand. When he entered Harvard in 1876, he was thin of chest, be-spectacled.

nervous, weighing only 90 pounds. He was afraid to get on his feet and try to make a speech. Compare that with the man he became—the wonder of the world for efficiency, endurance, working power, and joyousness in life. He was a cowboy, a soldier, a lawyer, a statesman, a writer. And he did each of these things phenomenally well.

That is one example of what the right attitude towards the subconscious will do. Then there are those frequent cases you hear about like the one described in Psychology Magazine. Henry A. Wight never studied art—never knew he had any talent for painting. He went into the matter-of-fact-business of steel and coal, and was successful in it. Then when he was getting along in the thirties, he found himself with the desire to paint. So, to use his own laconic explanation, "he did

it—that's all." And his monotypes have won the praise of the best critics.

I know a famous song writer who never studied a note. Her music "just comes to her." I know a man—a successful business man of nearly fifty—who suddenly started writing poems. Wonderful poems—that have been eagerly accepted by the best magazines. And he doesn't know a rule of prosedy! I know an eminent geologist who never consciously examines a stone. He just walks over his ground abstractedly and then tells—for a very high fee—what is underneath it.

Contacting with the Subconscious—contacting haphazardly, accidentally—yet getting marvelous results while the contact holds!

Whatever you want to know, whatever you wish to do—the knowledge and the

power are there. "When He, the Spirit of Truth is come," promised Jesus, "He will guide you into all the truth."

Ordinary contact with the subconscious is comparatively easy. The first essential is relaxation. To find a really comfortable easy chair or lounge or bed, where one can be quiet, undisturbed, unconscious of oneself and one's surroundings. To stretch luxuriously and then let every muscle relax. To review before your mind's eye every phase of the problem or the subject—not worriedly, not striving for the answer—but merely laying them before the spirit within in the way you would put them before some all-wise Solomon. To *know* that he *has* the answer— and will presently give it to you. To relax thankfully in this knowledge into slumber, with the contented feeling

that you have got what you wanted. Do that—and your answer will come.

Dr. W. Hanna Thomson, in "Brain and Personality," gives some instances of how this sometimes works out even when the person doing it has no knowledge of how to put his problem up to his subconscious mind. The first was told him by a fellow student at college. One night his roommate sat up late working at a difficult problem in mathematics. Failing to solve it, he rubbed his slate clean, put out the light and went to bed.

Later on that night the first student was awakened by the light shining in his eyes. Looking up, he saw his friend working away at his slate. The next morning he commented on it, only to have his roommate indignantly deny that he had been up at all during the night.

To prove his assertion, the first student

got the slate, and there on it was the problem that had puzzled his friend—*all worked out to the correct conclusion!*

The other case Thomson tells of was that of a British Consul in Syria. He had been studying Arabic diligently in an effort to better fit himself for his position, and one night tried to compose a letter to the Emir at Lebanon. After a couple of hours of fruitless effort, he finally lost all patience with the language and the job, and went to bed.

What was his astonishment to find on his desk in the morning a freshly written letter, in his own handwriting, couched in the purest Arabic, that the Slave-of-the-Lamp himself could not have improved upon!

Then there is the classic case of Herman V. Hilprecht, Professor of Assyrian at the University of Pennsylvania: He

had worn himself out trying to decipher certain mysterious inscriptions on some old Assyrian rings. Finally he had given up the problem in despair—no living man could solve it. One night, still thinking and studying over it, he had gone to bed exhausted. He fell asleep and dreamed.

In his dream, a tall thin priest of the old Pre-Christian Nippur temple appeared to him and led him to the treasure chamber of the temple. In a low-ceiled room without windows he saw a great wooden chest with scraps of agate and lapislazuli lying on the floor.

"The fragments over which you have been working," spoke the priest, "are not finger rings. King Kurigalzu once sent to the Temple of Bel an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Later we priests suddenly received a hasty and imperative

summons to make a pair of agate earrings for the great God Ninib.

"We had no new agate at hand, and were in great dismay. At last we decided to cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings. The two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put them together you will find this to be true. The third ring you will never find."

Professor Hilprecht awoke, roused his wife and told her the dream. Then ran to his study. Before long she heard him cry: "It is so! It is so!" Next winter he went to Cairo to study the objects from the Temple Nippur which were in the Imperial Museum. He found there complete evidence of the truthfulness of his dream in every detail.

The subconscious mind is your Slave

of the Lamp. Use him, in the ways outlined above—and there is no problem he cannot work out for you.

But recognize your Sonship with God, your oneness with the Source of all life and Power—in short, contact with the Source of Power—and that subconscious mind becomes the Holy Spirit within you, *to whom nothing is impossible!*

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," says Paul (I Corinthians 2:14), "for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned."

III

The Lode Star

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not. But ye know Him. For He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."—JOHN 14:16-17.

THERE once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Cassim had married a very rich wife, and become a wealthy but miserly and greedy money-lender. Ali Baba had married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood, and bringing it upon his donkeys into the town to sell. But he had married for love and he worked cheerily, asking only of Allah

that He watch over his little family and help him to teach his son to tread in the right path.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest cutting wood, he saw a great cloud of dust coming towards him from the distance. Observing it attentively, he soon distinguished a body of horsemen, and as honest people had little business that far from the haunts of men he suspected they might be robbers. Greatly frightened, he determined to leave his donkeys and save himself. Yet he was not so frightened as to lose all curiosity, so he climbed up a tree that grew on a high rock, whose branches, while thick enough to conceal him, yet enabled him to see all that passed beneath.

The troop, which numbered about forty, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock and dismounted.

Each man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung about the animal's neck a bag of corn. Then each took off his saddle-bag, which from its weight seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed; and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words—"Open, Sesame!" The moment the captain of the robbers had thus spoken, a door opened in the rock; and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock, during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree.

At last the door opened again, and as the captain went in last, so he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by

him. Then Ali Baba heard him make the door close by pronouncing these words, "Shut, Sesame!" The robbers forthwith bridled their horses, and mounted, and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see, and afterward stayed a considerable time before he descended. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers had used to cause the door to open he was curious to see if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly, he went among the shrubs, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesame!" Instantly the door flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal cavern, was surprised to see a well-lighted and spacious chamber, receiving

its light from an opening at the top of the rock. Scattered around in profusion were all sorts of rich bales of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags The cave must have been occupied for ages by robbers, one succeeding another.

Ali Baba fell on his knees and thanked Allah, the Most High. "Here," thought he, "is the provision I have prayed for to keep us in our old age and to provide our son with a start in life."

So he went boldly into the cave, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his three donkeys could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them in such a manner that they could not be seen. After he had passed in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the

door, and pronounced the words, "Shut, Sesame!" and the door closed of itself.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the panniers, carried the bags into the house, and ranged them in order before his wife. He emptied the bags before his astonished wife, raising such a great heap of gold as to dazzle her eyes. Then he told her the whole adventure from beginning to end, and, above all, recommended her to keep it secret.

The wife rejoiced greatly at their good-fortune, but woman-like, wanted to count the gold piece by piece. "Wife," replied Ali Baba, "never try to number the gifts of Allah. Take them—and be thankful. To number them is to limit them. As for this treasure, I will dig a hole and bury

it. There is no time to be lost." "You are in the right, husband," replied she.

"But," she thought, as he departed into the garden with his spade, it will do no harm to know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it."

Away she ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived hard by, and begged his wife for the loan of a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and, artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, brought it to her, with the excuse that she

was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, filled the measure with gold and emptied it in the corner. Again and again she repeated that, and when she had done, she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom. "Sister," said she, giving it to her again, "you see that I have not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the

measure, and was in inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Whence has he all this wealth?"

Cassim, her husband, was at his counting-house. When he came home his wife said to him, "Cassim, I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did by telling him the stratagem she had used to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but scorned and neglected him;

and now, instead of being pleased, he conceived a base envy at his brother's prosperity. He could not sleep all that night, and went to him in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," said he, "I am surprised at you! You pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to conceal; but what was done could not be undone. Therefore, without showing the least surprise or chagrin, he told all, and offered his brother part of his treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied the greedy Cassim haughtily; "but I must know exactly where this treasure is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose; other-

wise, I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have, and I shall have a share for my information."

Ali Baba told him all he asked, even to the very words he was to use to gain admission into the cave.

Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests, which he designed to fill, and followed the road which Ali Baba had pointed out to him. It was not long before he reached the rock, and found out the place, by the tree and other marks which his brother had given him. Walking up to the entrance of the cavern, he pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame!" Immediately the door opened, and when he was in, closed upon him.

On examining the cave, his avaricious

soul was in transports of delight to find much more riches than he had expected from Ali Baba's relation. Quickly he laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, and how with them he should become the richest money-lender and usurer in the city, that he could not think of the necessary words to make the door open. Instead of "Sesame" he said, "Open, Barley!" and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never anticipated such a contingency as this, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word "Sesame," the more his memory was confounded. He threw down the bags he

had loaded himself with, and walked distractedly up and down the cave, for the first time in his greedy life appreciating that to put your trust in money alone is to pin your faith to the most elusive thing in the world. Yet he had looked to it alone for so long a time that he knew now no other way to turn.

About noon the robbers visited their cave. At some distance they saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this, they galloped full speed to the cave, drove away the mules, which strayed through the forest so far that they were soon out of sight, and went directly, with their naked sabres in their hands, to the door, which on their captain pronouncing the proper words, immediately opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet, at once guessed the arrival of the robbers, and resolved to make one effort for his life. He rushed to the door, and no sooner saw it open, than he ran out and threw the leader down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their scimeters soon deprived him of life.

There is more to this old Eastern legend, but the meat of it lies here—that if you learn the Magic Secret, the "Open Sesame" of life, wealth and honor are yours for the taking.

But if you become like the greedy Cassim, and get so taken up with the riches that you can think of nothing else—you not only lose the Magic Secret, but you bring down speedy retribution on your head as well.

The "Open, Sesame!"

What is this "Open, Sesame" of life? What is the Philosopher's Stone which turns everything it touches into gold?

It is any controlling idea or desire so intense, so alive and real, that it carries utter faith with it and thus involuntarily establishes a contact with the Holy Spirit within, which attracts to itself everything it needs for its fulfillment.

It is, in short, the Lode Star—the Polar Magnet by means of which we may draw from the heavens above, from the earth beneath or from the waters under the earth anything that is necessary to our controlling idea or desire.

Ridiculous? Stop and think for just a moment.

Have you ever concentrated for days or weeks on the writing of an article or

story, on the making of some device, on the discovery of some new formula—on anything that required the deepest thought and faith and concentration?

Remember how there seemed to pour in upon you all sorts of facts and information and material pertinent to the idea you had in mind? Remember how things came to you from the most unlikely and unexpected sources—from the chance words of associates or even strangers; from newspaper and magazine articles, picked up in the most casual way imaginable; from books you happened to see in the windows or in the hands of some friend; from *out of the air,* as it were, unsought, unbidden—except as they were sought out and brought to you by that Mental Magnet within.

"If any of you lack wisdom," said James, "let him ask of God, that giveth

to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything from the Lord."—James 1:5-6.

The earnest desire for some definite thing, coupled with the sincere belief in your power to get it through the Spirit within, is the most powerful force in the world. As Marie Corelli says in "Life Everlasting":

"Nothing in the universe can resist the force of a steadfastly fixed resolve. What the spirit truly seeks must, by eternal law, be given to it, and what the body needs for the fulfillment of the spirit's demands will be bestowed. From the sunlight and the air and the hidden things of

space strength shall be daily and hourly renewed. Everything in nature shall aid in bringing to the resolved soul that which it demands. There is nothing within the circle of creation that can resist its influence. Success, wealth, triumph upon triumph come to every human being who daily 'sets his house in order'—whom no derision can drive from his determined goal, whom no temptation can drag from his appointed course."

I know that when I first conceived the idea for this book and began to look for different works of reference to bear out the thought I had in mind, I was almost flooded with material—wonderful material that I had never even heard about, much less knew where to look for. Three of the best works on the subject I have ever seen, literally walked into my office —unsought, unbidden and without cost

—and have been of more help to me than anything else I have found. And I am far from being alone in this experience.

In a recent issue of *Advertising and Selling,* Floyd W. Parsons tells how a piece of cheese tossed by one workman at another during the lunch hour missed its mark and dropped into the plating bath used in the production of copper disks from which wax phonograph records were stamped. Later the disks from that bath were found to be far superior to the others, and an investigation revealed that the casein in the cheese had done the trick. This disclosed a possible improvement worth several thousand dollars.

The top of a salt cellar fell off, and the outcome was a new flux for welding permalloy, making possible a six-fold increase in the speed with which we can send messages by cable.

By inadvertently opening the wrong valve, a French scientist found the answer to the long search for liquid oxygen. Again an accident created an industry and gave us an explosive safer and mightier than dynamite.

A great corporation ordered its industrial chemists to produce a paint that could be applied quickly, would dry rapidly, and be tough, hard and resistant to the elements. It had to have some of the properties of glass and yet not crack, and it had to be proof against the action of oil, grease, and acid.

Everything went well up to the point of finding a way to keep the solution in a liquid condition so that it could be applied with a brush. All efforts to solve this problem failed until one day the machinery broke down and the material had to stand for days in the tank until the

repairs were completed. When work started again, the chemists were amazed to find that the paint now retained its liquid form. The long-sought secret had finally been discovered, and an accident had again shaped the destiny of a business.

In short, when you have put all of your reasoning, all of your information into the cauldron of thought, there frequently flashes out an idea that is not the logical development of anything you have had before—but a direct inspiration from the Holy Spirit within.

> "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."—ISAIAH 30-21.

"The key to successful methods," says Thos. A. Edison, "comes right out of the air. A real new thing like a general idea,

a beautiful melody, is pulled out of space —a fact which is inexplicable."

Inexplicable? Not at all! It is simply that all knowledge already exists in Divine Mind—in the Father who fills all space and animates all things. There is nothing for us to discover—merely to *seek,* to *unfold.* Columbus did not discover America. It was here all the time. As the Englishman said after three days of traveling on a California-bound train —"How could he have missed it?" Columbus—and all of Europe—merely learned something that Divine Mind had known all the time.

Galileo did not discover that the earth was round; Copernicus did not discover the movement of the planets; Newton did not discover the law of gravitation; any more than your young son discovers the law of mathematics by which 2+2=4.

He learns it—yes. He makes the information his own. And to him it partakes of discovery. But the law was known to Divine Mind since time began.

We are God's children, grasping a little at a time of the infinite knowledge He is constantly writing on the blackboard before us—and hailing each bit as a grand discovery of our own. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest geniuses of all time, compared himself to a boy, gathering pebbles on the shore of the vast, unknown ocean of truth.

"God looked down from heaven," said David, "upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand." —Psalms 14:2.

The great essential is to realize that the Father HAS all information—that the "vast ocean of truth" IS there—and that if we will do our best in the trustful

knowledge that the Father *can* and very gladly *will* supply anything beyond our own powers to grasp, our faith and trust will be justified. "There is nothing hidden," saith the Scripture, "which shall not be revealed; neither hid which shall not be known." "When God is with us," quoth Josephus, "the impossible becomes possible."

When any problem confronts you that seems beyond your ability to solve, just say to yourself—"I am one with the Infinite Intelligence of the Universe. And Infinite Intelligence HAS the correct answer to this problem. Therefore, I too have the answer, and at the right time and in the right way will manifest it."

There are no new gold deposits. No new diamond fields. All of them have been known to the Father for millions of years.

You don't need to discover anything. You don't need to create something new. All you need to do is to seek the riches and the methods that have been known to the Father for all time. And the place to seek them is not far afield—but in Mind. "Seek and ye shall find," said Jesus. "Knock and it shall be opened to you."

A Radio with a Thousand Aerials

Our bodies are, in effect, radio stations powerful or otherwise as our controlling ideas are strong or weak. The nerves that come to the surface all over our body act as thousands of aerials gathering in impressions from every source. And just as any station properly attuned and powerful enough to "get" it, can pick what it wants out of the air any minute of the day or night, so can you "get" anything you may want—be it riches or success, happi-

ness or health—if your thought be properly keyed and powerful enough to receive it.

For our minds are vast magnets that can attract to us anything we may desire. The only requisite is—they have got to be *charged*. A demagnetized magnet won't draw to it or hold even the weight of a pin. Nor will a demagnetized man attract to himself a single idea or a single penny.

There are two ways of charging your mental magnet:

1. By occasional but heartfelt prayer —like the radio fan who lets his batteries run down until, when something special comes along that he particularly wants, he finds them so weak he can scarcely raise a sound, and forthwith hies himself to the battery man to have them recharged.

2. By heeding Jesus' admonition to pray without ceasing—to go back to the simile of the radio fan again, to attach your batteries to the electric light socket and keep them constantly charged to capacity, ready and able at all times to bring you anything you may wish.

Which method is yours? Old Mother Nature adopts the second. The flowers turn their faces to the sun not just once a day or once a week—but always. The waving grain, the shrubs, the trees, drink in the light and life of the sun every day and all day. They recharge themselves with life and fragrance whenever and as long as opportunity offers.

That is what you too must do. You must first charge the magnet of your mind with a compelling desire. Then keep it recharged with faith in the power and the willingness of the Father to give to

you anything of good that may be necessary to the fruition of your prayer. Not only that, but you must realize your ability (through the Father) to draw to yourself anything of good. In short, you must realize your Sonship with God, and the consequent fact that all of good is already yours—that God has done his part—that it is up to you merely to manifest, to unfold, to SEE the good things that the Father has provided for you in such profusion.

When Hagar and Ishmael were wandering in the desert, and could find no water and seemed about to perish, then Hagar cried aloud to the Lord.

"And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."—Genesis 21:17, 19.

Again, when the three kings in the desert sought water for their men and horses, the Prophet Elisha told them: "Thus saith the Lord—Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain, yet make this valley full of ditches."—II Kings 3:16-17.

And though it looked a hopeless task, the three kings set their men to work as directed, and after they had prepared the ditches, the rains came and filled them.

Wherever you are and whatever you need, supply is always there—for supply is in the Father, and the Father is everywhere. It is like the air we breathe—it is all around us, always available, al-

ways plentiful—unless we lock ourselves into the air-tight houses of limitation.

The trouble is that we have for so long been taught that everything of good must be fought for, struggled for, taken away from some one else, that we can't believe when we are told that all we need do is to open up the windows of our souls and let in the Holy Spirit—open up the channels of supply and let riches flow freely to us. To quote Trench's beautiful poem—

"Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
For Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one;

"But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for us,
Will soon be parched and dried;

"For we must share if we would keep
Such blessings from above,
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of Love."

We see others breathing deeply of the air about us, and we don't begrudge them it because we know there is plenty for all. We see others enjoying the sunlight; the clear water from the spring; and we rejoice with them in it. But let another make a lot of money, and immediately we become envious, for we think he has made it that much harder for us to get any.

The best things in life, the greatest essentials to life, are free. Air, sunshine, water—all are free, because the supply of them is inexhaustible.

What we fail to realize is that there is just as inexhaustible supply of the things that money will buy as there is of sunlight or water or air. And they can be drawn just as freely from the Father through the magic of faith and a compelling idea.

But you can't do it if you dam up the source of supply with doubts and fears. You must not limit supply as did the widow in the Scriptural story. Left destitute, her creditors were pressing her hard; and her sons, as was the law in that day, were to become bondsmen for the debt she owed. In her distress she came to the prophet Elisha, and he asked—"What have you in your house?" She replied—"I have nothing but a vessel of oil." He said—"Send out to your neighbors and borrow all the vessels you can; take them empty into a room, and pour into them the oil which you have." She did not question him but did as she was told; she poured the oil from the vessel which contained all that she possessed and filled all those which she had borrowed. Then she told her sons to get others, but

they said—"We have no more." And as soon as they made that announcement, the oil stopped flowing — not one drop came after all the vessels were full—II Kings 4:2-6. Do you see who determined the quantity that should come to the widow? Was it God? I know your answer—"It was the woman herself." She received just the amount for which she had made preparation.

It's Not the Supply That Is Limited—It Is Ourselves!

Too many of us are like the little colored boy and the watermelon. An old gentleman, seeing the difficulty the boy was having in storing away so large a melon, stopped and asked, "Too much melon, isn't it, son?" "No, suh!" replied the youngster with conviction, "just not enough niggah."

Why does so large a part of humanity suffer hunger and want?

Certainly not from lack on the part of old Mother Earth. Ask the farmers and they will tell you their trouble is over-production—not scarcity. Ask the scientists, and they will tell you that there is food in plenty in the very air. And not only food—but power and riches. Ask the miners—whether of gold, or silver, or diamonds, or coal, or iron—and they will tell you that the supply exceeds the demand. Go to the manufacturer and ask him—and again your answer will be the same.

Evidently there is plenty to go around. Evidently the Father has not failed us, any more than he fails the birds of the air or the beasts of the field, in providing the supply. The problem is merely one

of our ability to receive—to receive and digest and distribute and exchange.

There is plenty for all—of everything of good. The poor are hungry, the needy are in lack, not because there is not enough supply, but because their mental magnets have become so weak through discouragement, their channels so stopped up with fear and worry, that the stream of supply no longer reaches them.

If you cut your finger, what happens? You call upon your heart for an extra supply of blood to rebuild the damaged part. And the heart immediately responds.

If you have urgent need of money or other worldly goods, what should you do? Call upon the Heart of all things to send you an extra supply for your emergency —and He will just as promptly and cheerfully respond.

There's a little comedy on one of the Broadway stages that illustrates this idea clearly. A couple of young darkies are boxing—the first, an active, alert little fellow, on the go every minute—the second a tall, shambling, lazy sort, slow-moving, slow-thinking.

The big one is too lazy to really fight his active opponent. He contents himself with trying to guard himself. But every time he moves a hand, the little one gets in a punch.

Finally the big one catches hold of the little fellow by the shoulders, holds him off at arm's length and studies him for a minute. Then he puts one hand in the other's face and lets the little one jab at him, the while he holds him off at arm's length.

The little one swings and punches, but his arms are too short. He can't quite

reach the big fellow. The lazy one throws back his head and laughs as he prepares to swing his good right arm at leisure. *"That's all I wanted to know,"* he says.

And all you need to know when that little devil of fear or worry or lack assails you and you want to hold him off for a while until you can swing your good right arm to put him out for the count is that the answer to any trouble, the remedy for any lack, the antidote for any ill is just around the corner. Charge your mental magnet with earnest desire and faith —and the need does not exist which you cannot satisfy.

"The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save," promised the Prophet Isaiah 59:1. "Neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

The principal reason there is so much truth in the Scriptural quotation—"To him that hath shall be given," is that the man who has a tidy sum safely put away loses all worry about supply. Like the darkey in the play, he feels that his money gives him that bit of extra reach with which he can easily fend off the attacks of want and fear and worry, while he is getting in his good licks elsewhere. True, he places his dependence upon money rather than upon the Spirit, but the belief that he has money enough not to have to worry emboldens him to demand more. He loses all sense of fear. He expects and demands only the *good* things of life—and consequently the good things of life come to him. To put it in the words of Solomon—"He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed"—Proverbs 22:9.

"He who dares assert the I,
May calmly wait, while hurrying fate
Meets his demand with sure supply."

Remember the story of the merchant who saw ruin staring him in the face unless he could raise money immediately? He went to a wise friend, who gave him a great nugget of gold—on condition, however, that he was not to use it except as a last resource.

Knowing that he had the gold to use at need, the merchant went boldly about his business with a mind at ease—faced his creditors so confidently that they gladly trusted him further—with the result that he never needed to use the gold.

But you don't need to go to the pages of fiction for such examples. Most of us have seen similar instances ourselves. There is the classic case of George Mul-

ler, of Bristol, England, who maintained orphanages which spent millions, through which hundreds of children were rescued from the slums and fitted for places of trust in the world—*all without any visible means of support!*

Like the oil from the widow's cruse, the money came through his perfect faith in the Giver of all good. Many and many a time utter penury stared him in the face, so that any man of less Job-like faith would have been discouraged. Once hundreds of hungry children sat waiting for their breakfasts—and there was not a mouthful to give them.

But always in time—though sometimes at the very last moment—his faith was justified and some generous donation would supply all their wants. Like Job, he might well have said—"I know that my R e d e e m e r liveth."—Job 19:25.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Job 13:15.

Or with David—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me."—Psalms 23:4.

For nothing stands between you and the dearest wish of your heart but doubt and fear. When you can pray w i t h o u t doubting, when you can believe as the Master bade us believe—"Whatsoever ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye RECEIVE it and ye SHALL HAVE IT"—every desire of your heart will be instantly filled.

What, then, is the "Open, Sesame," of life? What is the Magic Secret that will bring to you everything of good you may wish?

It is simply a "Message to Garcia." There is within you a Holy Spirit who is

your part of Divinity—who knows all, sees all and can do all things. Give him a definite task, magnetize Him with your absolute belief in His ability and His readiness to accomplish it—charge Him with such absolute faith that you can actually SEE HIM DOING IT—and "as thy faith is, so it will be unto you." The Spirit within you can draw from the heavens or the earth or the waters under the earth whatever you may need for the consummation of your desires.

How do men talk 3,000 miles across the Atlantic—without wires, without cables? In the Marconi beam system, they do it by focusing the electric waves into one great beam, just as a searchlight focuses all the light waves into one powerful ray. Ordinary broadcasting stations let their waves radiate in all directions like the ripples a pebble makes in a

pool of water. The Marconi beam system focuses them all into one powerful beam and then directs it straight across the Atlantic, with the result that they will carry your message wherever you wish it to go.

Focus your desires in the same way. Instead of frittering away your energy in a thousand directions, bring them all to bear in one powerful beam on one single desire at a time. Do that, and you can attract to yourself anything of good you may wish.

"All that the Father hath is yours." And—"there is no lack in Him in whom all fullness lies."

So what do you want?

Is it money? Then know that the Father is the source of all wealth. Go to Him—tell Him your need—ask Him for money in abundance to meet your

needs. Bless the money you now have—know that the Father is in it even as he is in all good things—then see it, in your mind's eye, *multiplied* as Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes.

Send forth the Holy Spirit within you to the source of supply for as much as you need or can use to good advantage. Then SEE HIM DRAWING THAT SUPPLY! See a golden stream flowing to you in the sunlight, in the moonbeams!

Actually speak the word that sends your Spirit forth. Tell Him—"Holy Spirit, you know that the one Law of Supply is abundance—plenty for every right purpose, plenty for every right desire. You know that the Father has all of abundance, that there is unlimited money available for me right now, that as His son I am heir to it. Go you, therefore, bring to me of the infinite

abundance that is mine, all that I may need for this purpose. If there is anything you wish *me* to do, give me a definite lead."

Speak the word, then cast your burden upon the Holy Spirit—and forget it! "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that where unto it is sent."—Isaiah 55:11. Every doubt, every fear, every worry that you entertain is a shackle holding Him back. If you can release Him from all dominion of the conscious mind, if you can have the faith in Him that you have when you give a task to a trusted servant and thereafter look upon it as done—depend upon it, He will bring you what you ask for.

But it is so hard for us to let go. We are like a man on a desert isle, daily releasing our one carrier pigeon with a message for help, yet as often bringing

him back to earth again by the string on his foot that we are too distrustful to untie.

Yet when at last in desperation we do cut off the shackles, our faithful messenger flies straight home with his message of need and brings succour to us immediately.

That is why so often our prayers are not answered until the eleventh hour. We won't turn loose the string. We won't trust entirely in the Spirit. We think He needs our help, too. When all that we need is a little trust.

"If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain—remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove. And nothing shall be impossible unto you."—Matthew 17:20.

It is the same no matter what you may want. Are you seeking a position?

Know that in the Mind of the Father there is one right position for you—one position that in the present stage of your development, is best fitted for you even as you are best fitted for it. You have a definite place in the great scheme of things. And there is one right position that marks the next step in your forward progress.

That position IS yours. You have only to *know* this and to realize it. Then send forth the Spirit within you to bring that position to you or you to it. *Speak the word.* Throw the burden upon Him, asking Him only, if there is anything you can do to forward the work, to give you a definite lead. Then rest content in the knowledge that the Spirit *is* doing the work.

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the

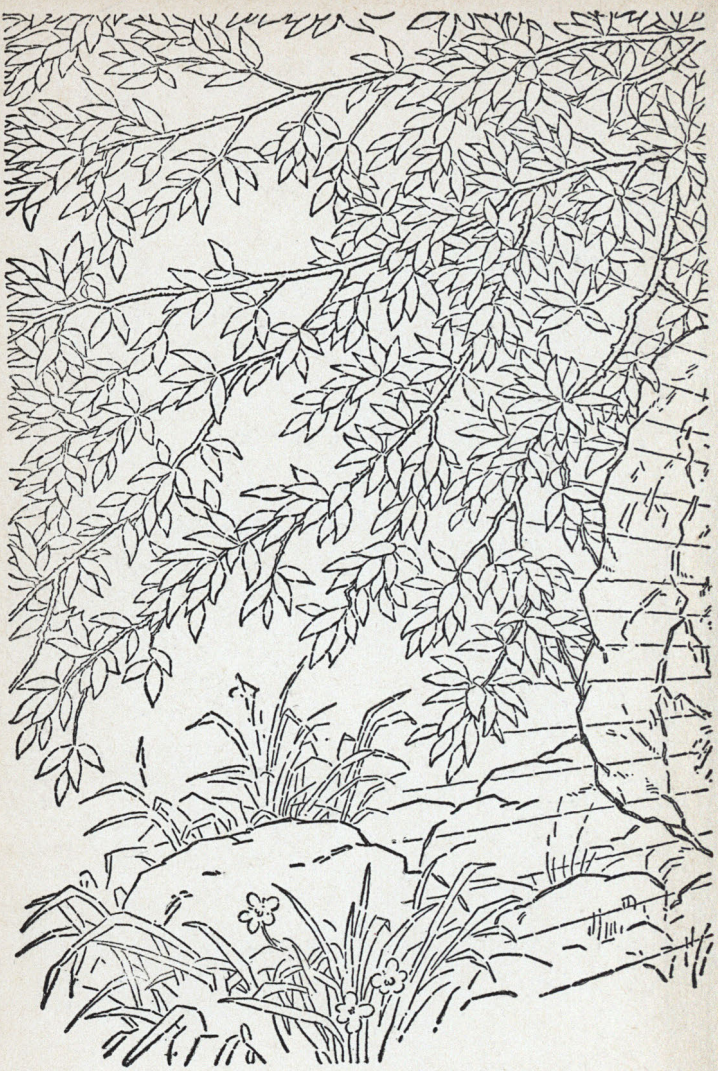
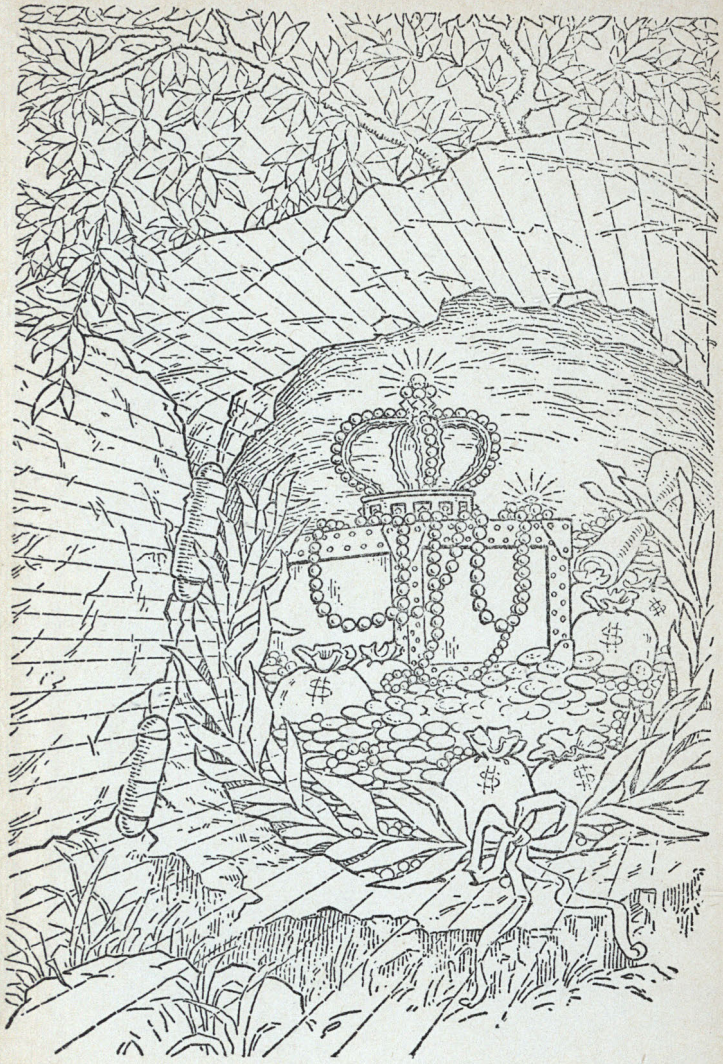
windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Malachi 3:10.

What, then, is the answer? Is this a lazy-man's world, where all that one needs to do is to fast and pray?

By no means! It is a worker's world—and the only ones who ever get anything out of it that is worth while are the workers. Mere wishing never magnetized the Spirit within to bring anything of good.

Look at all of Nature—busy every moment, never idle—*but never worrying.* Model after her. Whatever it is you may want, remember that you must get it first in Mind. See yourself with it there—see yourself receiving it. Make it as real as you can. Be thankful for it!

Then set about manifesting that dream in the material world. Do anything you

can think of that will help to bring it about. Concentrate your thought upon it in every conceivable way. But never worry as to the outcome. Know that after you have done all that is possible for you to do—if you are still lacking in some essential, you can sit back in the utter confidence that the Holy Spirit within will supply that lack. Give of your best—and you need never fear for the outcome. Your best will come back to you—amplified an hundredfold.

"Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof."—Joshua 23:14.